

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE speech delivered by Mr. Haldane at the Eighty Club luncheon is a very good illustration of how evil associations will inevitably corrupt the most decent and fair-minded citizens. Mr. Haldane was once a person of some consequence in the country. He was respected by all parties as a man of moderation and patriotic mind at the last General Election, when the country was busy hanging itself with a Chinese pigtail, and his inclusion in the Cabinet was popularly regarded as a safeguard against incendiarism and political anarchy. How entirely false was this supposition is abundantly evidenced by the speech he delivered on Thursday. Mr. Haldane has been swept into the common whirlpool. He has proved as weak a vessel as Mr. Asquith, and quite as full of thin liquor; the best of his talk is the merest "ginger-pop" of inflammatory invective when compared with the rich and mellow flavour of the Winston vintage. At the Eighty Club luncheon Mr. Haldane remarked:—

To-day we know where we stand. Lord Lansdowne from his watch-tower has, after some hesitation, given the signal. We accept the challenge. No quarter is asked, and no quarter will be given.

The Cabinet is absolutely united on the Budget. I am supposed to be a moderate man, but I doubt whether there is any stronger believer in the Budget than myself.

We are afraid that Mr. Haldane in company with politicians of the Sir Edward Grey type are really labouring under a profound misapprehension as to how and where they stand. But to the general public it is perfectly apparent that they are standing on their heads, in a posture for which they are quite unfitted by figure and temperament, whilst Comrades Keir, Winston, and Lloyd are busy piping the Socialistic tune. In the meantime it is satisfactory to know that the Cabinet is absolutely united on the Budget. "United we fall, but Divided and

one or two of us might have stood a chance of standing up again in the public estimation," will probably be Mr. Haldane's version of the affair on some distant occasion of humility and penitential offerings.

The following characteristically theatrical telegram has been despatched to Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who is in America, by Mr. John Redmond:—

The die is cast. The greatest constitutional struggle in England for upwards of two hundred years has commenced. No such opportunity has been offered Ireland to strike for liberty since Grattan moved the Declaration of Independence. Accept our heartiest congratulations on the splendid success of your mission so far, and convey to our countrymen and friends in America our deepest gratitude for their abounding sympathy and aid, and the assurance that if Irish Nationalists abroad and at home act unitedly glorious victory is assured.

Mr. O'Connor, it will be remembered, is touring America with a carpet bag for the purpose of raking in a further consignment of "dollars" for the upkeep of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Mr. O'Connor in America is quite a different person from the "Tay Pay" of Fleet Street, and we have no doubt that he is exciting the utmost enthusiasm amongst the "bar-tenders" and gutter-snipes of New York and Chicago by his passionate harangues on the wrongs and sufferings endured by "Ould Oireland" at the hands of the "base, brutal, and bloody Saxon." It is instructive to note that the Irish Revolutionaries are hailing the Radical-Socialist attack on the House of Lords and the Constitution as the chance of a century. In the face of declarations of this character, are the English people prepared to destroy the one bulwark that stands between them and a sudden chaos of spoliation and disintegration? If there ever was a time when the House of Lords was entirely and absolutely essential to the well-being and peaceful government of our Empire, that time is the present. In the meantime, we shall watch with interest for reports of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's speeches in the American newspapers, and if they are as violent and revolutionary as we confidently expect, we shall have pleasure in bringing them before the notice of Mr. O'Connor's English readers.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., "has made up his mind not to ask his constituents to re-elect him." Thus the half-penny newsmonger. As for Mr. Mason himself, he says "it is curious that it should be the Liberal party which has made it impossible for a man who has to earn his living to sit in Parliament." Also, "for many reasons I regret my retirement. . . . But I cannot both sit in Parliament and earn my living. It is a pity, the separation between the House of Commons and the professional or business man. It means that we must be governed by the wealthy class, leavened by a handful of Labour men who are paid to sit. Is that a healthy state of public life?" We are inclined to answer Mr. Mason's question with a round "Yes." It is bad enough to be governed by people of the Asquith, Churchill, Lloyd George stamp who, unlike Mr. Mason, manage to earn a fairly fat and comfortable living by sitting in the House of Commons. But to be governed by fictionists of the Mason school, not to mention essayists and minor poets such as Messrs. Belloc, Masterman, and Stephen Gwynn, were a fate from which we should be disposed to flee as from the wrath to come. For some reason or other Mr. Mason has evidently missed his way in politics. All the other literary gentlemen in the House appear to be able to keep body and soul together, in spite of their arduous parliamentary duties. Indeed, some of them would seem to be better off now than ever they have been before. Why not Mr. Mason?

An illustrated handbook issued by the Executive Committee of the proposed Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre reveals very strongly the real character of this impudent and self-seeking business. From the very first we have looked upon the whole affair with suspicion, and we do not hesitate to warn the public that if the four hundred and thirty thousand pounds still required for the establishment of this subsidised playhouse is ever forthcoming the last thing in the world that it will ever benefit will be the Shakespearean drama. Into whose hands are we to deliver our money-bags? Into whose tender care are we to consign the task of founding and directing "an institution which Britain may fairly be said to owe to herself, and to the memory of her greatest son—an institution such as all the other great nations of Europe possess and cherish—an institution which can be founded and established in perpetuity, for a sum which, in relation to the wealth, the patriotism and the public spirit of Britain and of the Empire, may almost be called trifling"? Here are a few names taken from the Executive Committee list:—

S. H. Butcher, M.P.	Sidney Lee.
J. Comyns Carr!	Sidney Low.
Sidney Colvin.	H. W. Massingham!
W. L. Courtney.	Carl Meyer!!
Robert Donald!!!!	The Hon. W. Pember Reeves.
J. Forbes-Robertson.	G. Bernard Shaw!!!!
Dr. F. J. Furnivall.	M. H. Spielmann.
Mrs. G. L. Gomme!!!	
Hon. secretary: Professor I. Gollancz, Litt.D.	
Organising secretary:	Secretary:
H. S. Perris, M.A.	Philip Carr.

What's Shakespeare to Robert Donald, or Robert Donald to Shakespeare? And what are Mrs. Gomme and Mr. Massingham to anybody? The inclusion of Mr. Shaw's name is simply a frigid and deliberate insult to Shakespeare's memory, and the fact alone that his name figures on the committee should be sufficient to make all lovers of Shakespeare and our national drama button up their pockets. Some time ago this same Mr. Shaw came into a certain kind of ugly prominence by buffooning on the subject of Shakespeare, and generally holding up the poet's memory to vulgar ridicule and pleasantries. Mr. Shaw became prominent just as a monkey would be prominent if he capered about the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but the fact that such a man should be stuffed into a committee whose professed object is to conserve and stimulate Shakespeare's art is nothing less than a scandalous piece of blatant and cynical impertinence. The following are the objects of the Shakespeare National Theatre, as formulated by the Executive Committee:—

- (1) To keep the plays of Shakespeare in its repertory;
- (2) To revive whatever else is vital in English classical drama;
- (3) To prevent recent plays of great merit from falling into the oblivion to which the present theatrical system is apt to consign them;
- (4) To produce new plays, and to further the development of the modern drama;
- (5) To produce translations of representative works of foreign drama, ancient and modern;
- (6) To stimulate the art of acting through the varied opportunities which it will offer to the members of its company.

It will be noticed that Shakespeare plays a very insignificant part in these "objects." All we hear of him is that his plays are to be kept in repertory. This, of course, is the peg upon which everybody concerned in the matter is hanging his private axe—or shall we say "object"? Shakespeare is to be "decoy-bird," and the British public

are asked to be the "pigeons." Meanwhile, we respectfully ask who is to decide what is "vital in English classical drama"? Perhaps Mrs. Gomme or Mr. H. W. Massingham. We take this opportunity of reminding the public that any subsidised theatre which produces the theatrical failures of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Comyns Carr, or even the tragedies and comedies of Robert Donald, can in no sense be a Shakespeare National Theatre, or even a National Theatre.

Here is Mr. Clement Shorter's paragraph with regard to the recent transformation of the Rev. William Robertson Nicoll into Sir William Robertson Nicoll:—

I understand that Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll will henceforth be known among his friends as Sir William Nicoll. A host of these friends, alike in literature and in journalism, will have already congratulated him upon the honour conferred by his Majesty through the Prime Minister. In the conferring of this honour no doubt political considerations have had weight. Men of both parties, however, who are interested in the literary side of journalism will find keen satisfaction in the fact that Sir William Nicoll has been for so long a period of years one of our most acute and clear-sighted critics. Of the five books by him that I have on my shelves I value most the little volume devoted to his father's career.

THE ACADEMY has upon its shelves a little book called "W.R.N.," the contents of which will be sifted in these columns next week. Meanwhile, Mr. Shorter is wishing everybody a "Merry Christmas" in Pears' Annual.

It seems that the second performance of "Pierrot and Pierrette" at the Afternoon Theatre was rudely interrupted by persons in the stalls who persisted in carrying on a conversation while Mr. Josephf Holbrooke—who, by the way, has sent us a picture postcard of himself—was conducting the overture. Mr. Holbrooke is reported to have said that the interruption was the result of organised opposition, bad manners, or an indisposition to listen to music which is the work of an English composer. For our own part, we are inclined to the opinion that sheer bad manners was at the root of the trouble. We do not believe that there is the smallest prejudice against English music when it happens to be good; and we should incline to have said to an interviewer that he was not sure whether the opinion that Mr. Josephf Holbrooke's music is a good deal more German than English. Indeed, it strikes us as being what might be termed Wagner with the unnecessary noises left out. In any case, if Wagner had never written, the music of "Pierrot and Pierrette" would have been a very different affair. We think that Mr. Holbrooke is quite right in his rebuke of that portion of the audience who took it upon themselves to "interrupt the harmony." At the same time, we doubt if an English audience could be found which would wantonly disturb a performance of music which had real grip and power about it. Mr. Holbrooke must try again, and he must search out by hook or by crook a better libretto.

Possibly if the "Pierrot and Pierrette" libretto had been written in German or Italian Mr. Holbrooke might have had a better chance. But to expect even a mildly cultivated audience, such as assembles at the Afternoon Theatre, to listen with respect while vocalists of not more than average capacity troll out words like the following appears to us to be a trifle naïve:—

Stranger Come away, come away
Where the world is gay!

Pierrot (*Gaily, delightedly*) *Pierrette*, come away!

Stranger One moment, pray,
Pierrette must stay.

Pierrot But that's absurd!
Pierrette's a bird
Who longs to play,
Who's always gay.
I fear I cannot leave her,
For it would grieve her.

Stranger A woman's tear, a woman's fear,
A woman's sorrow disappear,
You are a man, *Pierrot*,
Think what you miss,
(*Scornfully*) Barter the joys of the world
For one girl's kiss!

Pierrette (*Imploringly*)
Ah, stay with me, for oh! my heart would break
If I should wake
To find this garden empty and you fled!
Soon were I dead.

Pierrot You see I cannot go
And leave her to such woe.

Stranger Come away, come away.
For time will not stay!
Of the world I sing,
That beautiful thing,
There, there is jollity,
Dancing, frivolity,
People hurrying,
All of them scurrying,
Drums of love banging,
Brazen bells clanging,
Sparkling wine quaffing,
Laughing and laughing!
Life dances madly,
Never goes sadly.
Think of the glare and the din and the blare!
Come away to the jolly world's fair!

Phrases like "Do not touch me. I would rather not"—and these phrases actually occur in Mr. Grogan's libretto—could scarcely be sung with other than comic effect even by Caruso.

Here is the Rev. Sir William Robertson Nicoll's latest—or is it his first?—*jeu d'esprit*:—

The following simple, touching, and final paragraph appears in the Queries and Answers of the New York *Saturday Times*:—

"D. K.—Will you be good enough to inform me if Marie Corelli, the authoress, is still living?—She is still living."

I should think so!

And we should think so!

We observe that *T.P.'s Weekly* is advertising a series of articles entitled "Whither are we Tending?" and beneath this Socratic inquiry appear the magic words:—

BY

H. G. WELLS,
G. K. CHESTERTON,
REV. R. J. CAMPBELL,
ARNOLD BENNETT,
T. P. O'CONNOR.

On the whole, this is very subtle of *T. P.'s Weekly*. We do not remember to have seen a more appropriate answer to a silly question than is afforded by the foregoing appalling list of names.

APOLOGUES

I.

MIRTH.

A WOMAN and her babe played together in a garden by a crystal water.

And the sun shone on them.

And I saw Death wink.

II.

METAMORPHOSIS.

"What in the name of goodness is coming over our Venus?" quoth Jove. "Once she was all for doves and apples, and she had the moon for her mirror. And now she goes about with a dog-whip and pieces of chalk in her muff."

III.

RENOWN.

The high Muse invited a person of parts to attempt with her the fairer and more difficult pinnacles.

And being a trifle stubby in the leg, the person of parts observed that on the whole he should prefer to have his photograph in the *Daily Mirror*.

IV.

THE POSSESSION.

"This love," wailed the sweet, thoughtful young woman, "is but a poor thing, not to say a gew-gaw and a snare; for it passes, and we bear children, and weep, and die."

"And yet, my dear," whimpered the next tender philosopher, "when you come to think of it closely, it is all we can ever have."

V.

THE DANGER.

Somebody said "Hee-haw!"

And somebody said, "What art!"

Whereupon somebody said "Hee-haw!" again.

VI.

PROMOTION.

A man who blacked his face and did things on a banjo for a living was observed of a sudden to assume a distinct strut.

And they inquired of him what might be the reason for his unusual prancings.

And he replied: "I would have you to know that there is a probability of my name figuring among the 'signatories' to the 'petition' for 'the proposed Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre'—with marked emphasis on the Shakespeare!"

VII.

NEGLEGIBLE.

"You have been most kind," remarked the plump, bald person to Fate, "and self and wife wish respectfully to tender to you our heartfelt thanks, and hope for a continuance of your favours."

"My good Largeface," replied Fate, "don't thank me; I never heard of either of you."

VIII.

IMPUDENCE.

"I'll larn ye to be a toad!" quoth the man with the sharp rake.

"Hold!" cried the toad. "I will be good. Tell me, I beg, wherein I have happened to offend you?"

"Well, if that doesn't beat cock-fighting!" exclaimed the man with the rake. And he proceeded vigorously with the good work.

T. W. H. C.

THE LLOYDS OR THE PEOPLE?

The Lords have appealed to the country. As THE ACADEMY prophesied on the eighteenth of last December, the Lords have realised that their simple duty to the nation is to stand by the Constitution. They will not assent to revolution by Budget without first appealing to the electorate. They will not admit the right of a Socialistic House of Commons to attach all and any kind of extraneous legislation to a Finance Bill in a desperate endeavour to scrap the nation's wealth by avoiding the revisory powers of the Higher Chamber. The glib little trick devised by Comrades Winston and Lloyd for robbing the National hen-roost with burglarious instruments characteristically stolen from the private armoury of Comrade Keir has been publicly exposed and contemptuously squashed. The methods employed by the "Dr." Bodies of our political world have been ruthlessly discovered to a surprised and startled public, and we do not think in the face of such exposures that the people will elect to trust the ills of the "body politic" to the "bloodless surgery" and "hypnotic suggestions" of such eminent specialists as Lloyd and Winston, and abandon the quieter specifics of constitutional reform. Who is to rule this Empire; the Lloyds or the People? That is a trite epitome of the question which the electorate will be asked to decide at the forthcoming election, and for our part we have never entertained the slightest doubt as to the strong and emphatic nature of the nation's reply. We mean that once the British people thoroughly understand the true character of the issue which they have to decide, there will be a swift and complete end to Rampant Radicalism for at least another twenty years. But the people must be made thoroughly to understand the issue. There must be no half measures, no paltering with the tactics of expediency. We do not want politicians who hesitate or equivocate. We want men of plain and simple dealing, who will not fear to tell the nation the cold, cruel truth about the real characters of the persons who form the present Government, and their aims, objects, and ambitions. The days of political courtesies and genialities have passed. They passed when men like the present leaders of the Radical-Socialist party squeezed themselves into our public life. They will not return until the men who are to-day so busily engaged in ruining our national reputation and traditions have been quietly but firmly removed to fields of operation more congenial to their activities. If Lord Northcliffe, in his infinite wisdom, could only prevail upon the President of the Local Government Board to devote his energies to the advertising management of the Carmelite Press, and at the same time persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer to assume the editorship of a special Welsh edition of the *Daily Mail* or even a Cymric edition of such journals in folk-lore as *Chips* and *Comic Cuts*, it might be time to discuss the possibility of restoring courtesy and good manners to our political life. But until that blessed day dawns upon our expectant world we must fight our hardest against the men who have their hands on the throat of the nation.

There will be no room for "conversazione" methods in the fight over the coming elections. The enemy is prepared to fight with all the fury of men who are drunk with cocoa and depressed to the verge of desperation by the bodiless prophecies of Captain Coe. They are not only fighting for their lives; they are fighting for their "jobs," and anyone with any intimate knowledge of the curiosities of natural history knows full well that it is a matter of comparative safety to despoil a tigress of her new-born cubs in comparison with the dangers to be braved by those who threaten your humanity-loving Socialist or Radical with the loss of a "job." The "job-mongers" are not going to be driven from the comfortable halls of peace and plenty without offering a fairly desperate resistance, and from the character of the garbage which is now filling the spacious columns of the Radical newspapers, the Unionist party should be in no doubt as to the weapons and methods which are to be used against us

when the open fight comes in January. Every form of open and disguised misrepresentation is to be employed. Ananias, and even Past-Master Ure, will be hard put to it to preserve their reputations as leaders in the gentle art of frigid and calculated lying. Tons of bombastic verbiage and inflammatory twaddle is to be poured on the constituencies. It is even rumoured that the Terrible Twins, Comrades Winston and Lloyd, will travel about the country attired in corduroy trousers and hob-nailed boots, so anxious are they to be accepted as "two of the workers." Every effort to excite mob-passion by incarnadined abuse and vilification of the Constitutional party.

This is the sort of claptrap that is already being dinned into the ears of the ignorant:—"Rather than permit the House of Lords to usurp the power and authority of the House of Commons, there are millions of men in this country who would take up arms in defence of their liberties."

That is the *Star* leader writer's way of hinting that we are on the brink of armed rebellion. As there has never been any question of the House of Lords attempting to usurp the powers of the House of Commons, but only a question of the ability of the House of Commons to brush aside the House of Lords in a hurried effort to revolutionise the Constitution, the whole statement is as ridiculous as it is false. Still, for the sake of our own forces we cannot forbear from expressing the hope that when the rebellion really arises the armies of anarchy and revolt will be led into battle by Field-Marshal Ernest Parke, supported by such dashing cavalry leaders as Generals James Douglas and "Old Joe." In the meantime, as an illustration of the general chaos and turgid confusion raging in the Radical mind, we call the attention of our readers to some farcical statements attributed by a *Daily News* reporter to Arthur Chamberlain, who is always industriously boomed in the Radical prints as "Joe's" brother. Here is the quotation:—

Asked for his views on the crisis, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, brother of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, told a *Daily News* representative that the only opinion worth having was Mr. Asquith's. "What is he going to do? If he acts with firmness, I can only say I welcome the crisis."

"I feel perfectly certain that, with a courageous lead from Mr. Asquith, the people will support him, and that he and his party will be returned to power with a mandate, not only to see that no future Finance Bill is interfered with by the Peers, but to see that the House of Lords shall no longer be a Tory stronghold."

"As to the promised action of the peers, it seems to me that the way to meet it is to go to the King and say that the Commons have voted the money necessary to carry on the services, and they find that the Bill embodying those votes is being detained in the House of Lords, that they don't mean to vote any more money while the Bill remains, and that they ask the King to create a sufficient number of peers—whether that number be great or small—to cause the Bill to be voted on 'Aye' or 'Nay' without further delay."

"On that the King may do two things: He may either warn the Peers that if they do not take up that Bill and settle it definitely one way or the other, he will appoint a sufficient number of new peers to do so; or the King may say that there is a quarrel between his House of Commons and his House of Lords which imperils the proper maintenance of the national services, and that he therefore will dissolve the House of Commons."

"It follows from that, that the House of Commons itself will not for one moment have admitted the claim of the Lords either to interfere with finance or to dissolve the People's House." So that while the *Star* is talking about "millions of men" taking up arms, Mr. Arthur Chamberlain prattles through the medium of the *Daily News* about "going to the King." It is difficult to say which suggestion is the more monstrously absurd, but it is a noteworthy fact that both proposals made in all seriousness by Radical mouthpieces are entirely and deliberately unconstitutional in spirit and design and equally calculated to be subversive to established law and order. On one hand we are to prevail upon the King to act the part of a despot, and on the other excite the mob to open rebellion. In regard to Mr.

Arthur Chamberlain's suggestion that the King will warn the House of Lords that unless they endorse Lloyd's Bill he will dump down a few hundred Radical Peers—presumably chosen from the ranks of those stalwarts who have fallen into reduced circumstances through a too constant and scientific study of "Old Joe's Treble"—we can only say it seems to us advisable that the medical attendants at Highbury should be despatched with all haste and urgency to enquire into the state of Mr. Arthur Chamberlain's mind. Apart from the Radical Mr. Chamberlain's sudden excursion into spheres of policy and method that indefatigable humorist, Mr. P. W. Wilson, Member of Parliament and correspondent to the *Daily News*, has favoured us with a paragraph quite in his best comic vein which he appropriately writes under the title of "Thunder Rumbling":—

Beyond these walls the horizon is heavily overclouded, with rumblings of thunder, distant yet audible. The Stock Exchange, slow to believe that investments can be seriously threatened save by Socialists, refrains from panic, but is gloomily depressed. Tradesmen look askance at the newspapers, and wonder what will happen to business this Christmas if the Revolt of the Peers proceeds. The air is still but sultry; men are uncertain what to think of a situation so unusual. Back from Manchester, invaded by Tariff Reformers, comes that shrewd champion of popular rights, Mr. Silvester Horne, who tells me that "the battle is lost by the peers before they have begun it." A railway director remarked to Mr. Horne at the hotel, "Look at those Tariff Reformers—come here to persuade us Manchester men to ruin our city."

Once again we are concerned for the sanity of our fellow creatures, and we trust the day is still far distant when it shall be read of Mr. P. W. Wilson, Mr. Silvester Horne, and the Anonymous Railway Director that "suitable persons led them gently away."

Whilst all these deliriums and anguishments continue to possess the Wilsons and the Hornes, the Parkes and Gardiners, not to mention "Joe's brother" and Mr. James Douglas, all decent and fair-minded politicians should industriously set themselves to the task of instructing the electorate as to the true record of the present Government and the inevitable fate which will befall the country should the "self helps" be allowed to remain longer in office. The question is not what the Lords have done but what the Lloyds have done. Up to the present they have succeeded in degrading our public life and damaging the nation's credit. They have attacked religion and declared war on all property. They have endangered our National Security by tinkering with the strength and efficiency of our one line of solid defence, the Navy. They have dislocated the whole scheme of the Nation's Finance and shaken the money markets. They have promised doles and dumps to their friends and attempted to penalise their opponents. The whole future of the Constitution has been raked by their desultory fires, and after four years of their Government the Empire stands before the world, lower in prestige, financial resource, material strength, honour, and stability. We have not progressed under government by the Lloyds, but we have changed and changed very much in the way a man will change with rapid consumption consuming his natural health and vigour. Looking at the broad facts of the issue in the same light of open daylight, who can doubt the Nation's choice in January between the Lloyds and the people?

"A GLORIOUS HARVEST OF MAJESTIC SONG"

WHETHER by accident or design, Mr. John Lane, of The Bodley Head, has omitted to send us for review a copy of Mr. William Watson's "New Poems." And this in spite of a heart-rending appeal which we addressed to him through the post a fortnight ago. As the Christmas season is now upon us, we can conceive that Mr. Lane is extremely busy handling "books suitable for presents," and has con-

sequently little time to devote to considerations of review copies. On the other hand, Mr. Lane publishes the renowned lyre-sweeping Figgis, with whom *THE ACADEMY* endeavoured to deal faithfully in the summer, and as we have procured and examined a copy of Mr. Watson's "New Poems," outside the favour of Mr. Lane, we can well imagine that Vigo Street may have deemed it inexpedient directly to invite our attention to Mr. Watson's bundle of efforts. When the fierce and wily hunter bethinks him to scour the poetical desert, however, it is idle for the ostrich to hide his head in the sand. Sooner or later the hunter will come up with him, and his plumage must suffer accordingly. In order that we might make sure of our ostrich, we have perused some of Mr. John Lane's advertisements. From one of them we gather that Mr. James Douglas, the enterprising colleague of Captain Coe of the *Star* newspaper, has described Mr. Watson's volume as "a glorious harvest of majestic song." We cannot conceive what higher praise could be bestowed on a living poet, even by Mr. James Douglas, than is embodied in this wonderful phrase—the which we have ventured to borrow as a headline for the present notice. "A glorious harvest of majestic song" is obviously calculated to fire the eager imagination of the lover of poetry, and induce him to hasten to the nearest bookshop with his five shillings net, there to be made the possessor of so wonderful a book. Now let us do our best to discover what kind of book it really is that we are to receive for our five shillings. The first of Mr. Watson's "New Poems" is called "The Blacksmith." Longfellow, as every worshipper of the full-fed baritone is aware, wrote a set of verses called "The Village Blacksmith." "Under a spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands; the smith a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands, and the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands," and so on. We are not blaming Longfellow. Here is Mr. Watson:—

'Tis the Tamer of Iron
Who smites from the prime,
And the song of whose smiting
Hath thundered through time.

Like a mighty Enchanter,
'Mid demons he stands—
'Mid Terrors infernal,
The slaves of his hands.

As a pine-bough in winter,
All fringed with wild hair,
His arm, too, is shaggy,
His arm, too, is bare.

Who, in the name of all that is metrical, would ha' thought it! And what a glorious harvest of majestic poetry! It is true that Mr. Watson does not proceed:—

His brow is bespangled
With excellent sweat:
He eyes you serenely;
He is free from all debt.

He goes of a Sunday
To church with the boys;
He lists to the parson
And his daughter's dear voice.

However, that is not Mr. Watson's fault, and the rhyming of "boys" with "voice" must be remembered against Longfellow and not Mr. Watson. In point of fact, our glorious harvester of majestic verse may be confidently recommended to leave blacksmiths alone for the future and be content to read Longfellow, in the sure faith that when America's greatest poet has handled a theme England's one and only candidate for the laurel can afford to eschew it. After "The Blacksmith," Mr. Watson proffers us a sonnet-sequence addressed to Miranda. In

this sequence we find occasional flashes of the old Mr. Watson, and we get solid chunks of the Mr. Watson who really ought to know better. By way of example we reproduce the sestet of Sonnet X. :—

Thus was the Genie of the Arabian tale
Sealed in a vial for a thousand years
Under the ocean, till a fisher's net
Drew forth the vial, and the fisher set
The captive free—but shrank, amazed and pale,
When the loosed Afreet towered against the Spheres.

Which, of course, is not so bad, as sestets go. Sonnet XII., however, is closed barrenly as follows:—

Yet none the less this City as of old
Shall throb with feverous heart-beats day by day:
And tower and spire shall catch the dear last ray
Of suns that bid adieu with kiss of gold:
Thames shall roll on, as long ago he rolled:
But you—but you will then be far away.

While Sonnet XVII. begins :—

So hither you return, only to haste
Away to-morrow.

Which, in view of the fact that Miranda is supposed to be possessed of "high-born grace," and to be "one of the greatest ladies of the land," reads like a snippet from the society gossip of the *Daily Mail*. We do not wish to suggest that Mr. Watson's sonnets to Miranda are entirely without merit; but at times they come perilously near the unconsciously comic, and that will never do where sonnets are concerned. The remaining pieces in the book are of a more or less "occasional" nature, and we do not find among them a single poem which is likely to enhance Mr. Watson's reputation or will serve to justify Mr. James Douglas's magniloquent "glorious harvest of majestic song." The majesty of the following lines from a "Tavern Song" requires a little finding:—

The lads must have lasses and woo them and win,
And the business of wives is to bake and to spin,
But men love a tankard, but men love a tankard,
But men love a tankard of ale at the inn.

Then hey! for a bottle, then ho! for a bottle,
Sing ho! for a bottle of wine from the bin,
And it's hey! for a tankard, a tankard, a tankard,
And ho! for a tankard of ale at the inn.

We should recommend Mr. Watson to see "the woman with the serpent's tongue" about this piece of brummagem heartiness.

"ON LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER"

PERHAPS Keats's sonnet upon looking into Chapman's Homer is the most durable monument to the laborious and lofty Elizabethan, whose translation is written from "a lost point of view." With an excellent prose translation in existence, one does not read Chapman to discover the new planet; yet Chapman is worth reading—apart from his association with Keats—for his own delightful and unforgettable qualities as a poet. His poetry is scattered broadcast, not only over his translation, but in his preface and his commentary. His preface to his complete translation of the *Iliad*, especially, is full of fine things, the outcome of his lofty, disinterested, and laborious service of his art.

"As the contemplative life," he writes, "is most worthily and divinely preferred by Plato to the active, as much as the head to the foot, the eye to the hand, reason to sense, the soul to the body, the end itself to all things directed to the end, quiet to motion, and eternity to time, so much prefer I divine Poesy to all worldly wisdom. . . . Poesy is the flower of the Sun, and disdains to open to the eye of the candle."

What is very noticeable in him is his pontifical air, his ardour in the service of his art, the sense of the dignity of his office, his contempt for the "wolf-faced worldling." "I, for my part," he writes, "shall ever esteem it much more manly and sacred, in this harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than shine in your vain-glorious bubbles and impieties; all your poor policies, wisdoms, and their trappings, at no more valuing than a musty nut." He has a modest pride in his "own known strength," a contempt for the whole rabble of his maligners, especially for a "certain envious windsucker that hovers up and down, buzzing into every ear my detraction," whose identity is not revealed. His notes are not the impersonal utterances of modern scholarship; they are polemical, full of the lust of battle, rich with a vigour and opulence and loftiness of phrase, a magnificent homeliness of denunciation that is a lost art. They have, too, their flashes of poetry. In Chapman's "Commentarius" on the first book of the *Iliad*, he tells us how, when "driving through his (Homer's) thirteenth and last books I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this silver bow of our Phœbus, the clear scope and contexture of his work, the full and most beautiful figures of his persons"; and, elsewhere, a comparison between Homer and Virgil is felicitously expressed:—"The silken body of Virgil's muse" is "curiously dressed in gilt and embroidered silver, but Homer's in plain, massy, and unvalued gold."

The bulk of Chapman's translations is tremendous. His Homer, indeed, is only a part of his life-work. The seven books of the *Iliad* were published in 1598, and comprised the first and second books, and the seventh to the eleventh books, inclusive. The later books were much altered and revised when the complete *Iliad* appeared, but the first and a portion of the second book were completely rewritten. A fragment of the eighteenth book, published in 1598, is translated into the same ten-syllable metre as his second venture, the *Odyssey*; but the *Iliads* are translated into English hexameters, and are "written at a pitch of strenuous and laborious exaltation which never flags or breaks down," though never moving with the bright speed of the original. Upon a general view, the defect of his translation is that it is romantic, Elizabethan, rough in movement, and occasionally undignified. He is not a word-for-word translator, and confesses to some periphrases, "without which no man can worthily translate any worthy poet." In his own "earnest and ingenious love" of Homer, he must needs add to him, must furnish and adorn his verse by "adding the truth and fullness of his conceit"—that pitfall of all translations. The best and worst side of Chapman's work can be seen in the following extracts. The first, the famous "Night Piece":—

They sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them
shined.
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects and
the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's
heart,
So many fires disclose their beams, made by the Trojan part
Before the face of Him."

The second extract is Chapman at his worst, heavy in construction, graceless, and rough in movement:—

Amphimachus' decease,
Being nephew to the God of Waves, much vexed the Deity's
mind,
And to the ships and tents he marched, yet more to make
inclined
The Grecians to the Trojans' bane. In hasting to which end
Idomeneus met with him, returning from a friend
Whose ham late hurt, his men brought off; and having given
command
To his physicians for his cure, much fired to put his hand
To Troy's repulse, he left his tent.

A very jolting couplet is:—

thou hast strength as much
As serves to execute a mind very important; but
Thy strength too readily flies off, enough will is not put
To thy ability.

This ungracious movement and clumsy haste is to some extent the result of the rapidity of his work, for he speaks of the last twelve books of the *Iliad* being translated in less than fifteen weeks!

"Let the length of the verse never discourage your endeavours," he pleads for his *Iliad*. But for general evenness of texture, the metre of his *Odyssey* is more satisfactory. His description of the dance of the Phæacians is delightful:—

There stood forth the choice young men,
That in man's first youth made fresh entry then,
Had art to make their natural motion sweet,
And shook a most divine dance from their feet,
That twinkled star-like, moved as swift, and fine,
And beat the air so thin, they made it shine.*

The description of the cave of Calypso is also charming:—

A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame;
The matter precious, and divine the frame;
Of cedar deft and incense was the pile,
That breathed an odour round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crowned,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bitterns bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread,
All fowls maritimal; none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were
As one did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another poured
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflowered
With sweet balm—gentle and blue violets hid
That decked the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.

A peculiarity of Chapman of which these extracts give no hint is his famous compound epithets, some of them splendidly successful, others mere distortions of the English language, such as his "golden-riband-bound-maned horse," his "heaven's-queen-loved-king," his "much-medicine-knowing men," and (perhaps the most graceless) his "honey-sweetness-giving-mind's wine"! Opinion may differ as to the charm of a homeliness greater than Homer's—in phrases such as the Phæacian Queen's "trundle bed," the wind that "cuffs" the ships; but the verdict of a later age condemns his conceits—pure interpolations, such as that Troy "sheds her towers for tears of overthrow," and the sport of the winds with the much-enduring Odysseus is "horrid tennis." But every age has the translation it deserves, and Chapman supplied for the Elizabethan what was then necessary, "the mannerisms that were then deemed of the essence of poetry, namely, daring and luminous conceits."

But, after judging his defects, and considering the translations as in the main original works, and as Swinburne writes, "the superstructure of a romantic poet on the submerged foundations of Greek verse," no praise can be too warm or high for the power, the freshness, the indefatigable strength and unextinguishable fire which animate this exalted work, and secure for all time that shall take cognisance of English poetry an honoured place in the highest annals for the memory of Chapman." M.J.

* This is an instance of Chapman's tendency to "furnish and adorn" Homer. The original is: "Round him stood boys in their first bloom, skilled in the dance, and they smote the good floor with their feet. And Odysseus gazed at the twinklings of the feet and marvelled in spirit." (Butcher and Lang.)

REVIEWS

ST. ASAPH'S TO ST. STEPHENS

Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley, G.C.B. Edited by his wife, DOROTHY STANLEY. (Sampson, Low and Co. Price 21s. net.)

THERE is a wide gap between the workhouse at St. Asaph and St. Stephen's at Westminster. But little John Rowlands was consigned to the workhouse at St. Asaph on February 20, 1847, a six-year-old boy, and as Henry M. Stanley he took his seat in the House of Commons as member for North Lambeth on August 12, 1895, after having been married in Westminster Abbey five years earlier. How the gap was filled this autobiography tells us. It tells us of a life of contrasts (always progressive), as marvellous as any life can show, of a life which was an endless struggle, first for mere existence, then for some elbow room in the world, and then a struggle to justify existence, to make his life of use to mankind, and, above all, of use to those most in need of help.

The editor explains the method on which this work has been compiled. Stanley kept for the greater part of his youth a line-a-day diary. Then it came to his mind to leave behind him "a rough draft, as it were, of my life," and in the letter to his wife in which he explains his wishes, she finds the best preface to the autobiography:—

Just endeavour to imagine yourself in personal view of all the poor boys in these islands, and also the poor boys in Canada, the States, and our Colonies . . . We should see some hundreds, perhaps thousands, to whom we would instinctively turn, and wish we had the power to say something that would encourage them in their careers. That is how I feel . . . For I believe the story of my efforts, struggles, sufferings, and failures, of the work done and left undone—I believe this story would help others.

The first nine chapters of the book cover the early years of Stanley's life. In the second part the editor's aim has been to make him the narrator and interpreter of his own actions, using sometimes consecutive journal, sometimes letters, or only notebooks. The passages by Stanley's hand are knit up by editorial explanation, and often the main narrative is editorial. The interest of the book by no means loses by these editorial periods, for the pen that wrote them is as skilled and artistic as the impulse behind it is devoted to the great man whose life is here given to us.

There is a short introduction by Sir Henry Stanley himself. It is a rather bitter review of the world in which he lived. It is an outcry against the number of years of his life for which he craved for love and found none. A protest against a childhood from which all tenderness was withheld—withheld, too, from a child with an infinite yearning to attach himself to any one, almost, who would have his love. And then he reflects that this power of giving ends with childhood. We do not think, though, that this was so with Stanley. Though we do not think that he was ever a happy man.

John Rowlands was born within the precincts of Denbigh Castle some time in 1841, at the house of his maternal grandfather, Moses Parry. Having so far done her duty towards him, his mother deemed that she owed him nothing more, and went back to London, whence she had come for this domestic event. His father died a few weeks after his birth.

His grandfather was kind to him, but there were two uncles in the house, one of whom was married, and the little deserted boy was one too many, and his life was very unhappy. Then Moses Parry died. John was sent to be boarded by neighbours; the board wasn't paid and at six years old he found himself in the workhouse—decoyed there by the pretext that he was being taken to the house of his Aunt Mary at Ffynnon Beuno. This was the first act of deception played on him, and it rankled in his mind for many years. The treatment of the unfortunate inmates of a workhouse in those days is very graphically described, and a sketch of the ideal work-

house of the future is given on page 11. Though the boy's life here was very hard, though it was a loveless childhood, it brought with it compensations. The schoolmaster, John Francis, into whose hands our hero was consigned, was a ferocious brute, but also he was a very capable teacher, and indirectly the Stanley of the future was conceived in that pauper home. There he learnt hardness. He learnt, too, the love of study for want of something better else to do, and in his uncared-for boyhood, fatherless and motherless, he learnt to know and love the Father of us all. There, in his loneliness, became deeply rooted in him a piety which never left him. He tells us, too, on page 19 "we were Church folk, and were swayed by her festivals." Bishop Vowler Thorlet, of St. Asaph, as fine a scholar and a Churchman as ever sat on the Bench of Bishops, was one of those who were kind to the workhouse boys, and gave Stanley his Bible. He had come from Nonconformist folk outside; he went back to Wesleyans when he left, so he owed it to the workhouse that he was a Churchman and never a Nonconformist. When he was fifteen his workhouse life ended, and most adventurously. John Francis went very mad over some slight delinquency. He thrashed young Rowlands to the verge of insensibility, but was himself finally given a sound trouncing, and left by the future Stanley insensible on the classroom floor. Then an escape with a schoolfellow, and refuge is taken, after two days' march, with that very Aunt Mary who was used as a decoy to bring him to the house. Again he found no welcome. Mary Owen kept open house for the entertainment of man and beast at Ffynnon Beuno, besides a large farm, but had no room for a pauper nephew; and after some months there he is taken to another aunt at Liverpool. At Ffynnon Beuno, however, he learns to love the Welsh hills. Watching the sheep on Craig Farm, overlooking the lovely Vale of Clwyd, "the soul of 'Childe Roland' gradually expanded into maturity. There he dreamed dreams of the life to come." In his aunt's inn he learnt to appreciate character, and his Welshman as given on page 52 is quite admirable.

Liverpool proved no more hospitable to young Rowlands than the farm, and, after having been a draper's boy and a butcher's boy, he ships on board the American ship *Windermere* and sails to New Orleans. That voyage, perhaps, was the roughest episode of a hard life. The brutality on board is vividly depicted. But it is the first insight into the morals of his messmates when ashore and his first cigar which makes him pack up his bundle, desert the *Windermere*, and trust himself to fate in New Orleans. At last fate was kind. At an early hour he found a gentleman sitting outside "Speake and McCreary's" store. Liking his looks, he addressed the gentleman:—

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I want some work, sir; I asked if you wanted a boy."

And that was his introduction to the only father he ever knew. The man he had addressed was Henry Stanley. Place was found for the waif in Speake and McCreary's store with a salary of \$5 a week, and at last he was free, after four forms of thralldom. From now on Stanley began to find elbow-room. He made many friends, and in a twelvemonth's time had been adopted by his benefactor, Henry Stanley, who had been a clergyman, but had left the pulpit for commerce. The adoption was no half-measure, and the form of baptism is seriously gone through in conferring the new name, Henry Stanley. And then Stanley's education seriously begins. He had in Wales become an ardent lover of books. He was therefore an apt pupil; but he had also to learn the niceties of the amenities of life, and those he found delightful. He spent nearly three years with his father, who was then called to Havana, and died there; they never met again.

Meanwhile a place had been found for Stanley at Altschul's store, Cypress Grove, Arkansas; and here, in 1861, his first lesson in politics began. He had never cared much for newspapers before, but hearing at the store the stirring news of the day—how that three Southern States

had confederated to form a separate Government, and had elected Jeff Davis their President—he began to read the Pine Bluff weekly paper. The war breaks out. The youth round Cypress Grove go mad with war fever, and (moved to the resolution by the receipt of a parcel of woman's clothes) Stanley joins the Dixie Greys, a company which became incorporated in the 6th Arkansas Regiment. Stanley's life to this point had made him a very difficult character. Constantly on his defence, he was nervously introspective, and very watchful and critical of others. With his kind father of three years his temper had been very uncertain. These years of soldiering life worked wonders with him. The account he gives of the manners of the camp life of those days is very scathing, and the unnecessarily severe discipline and want of care of the men seems in the light of these days to have been deplorable. Still, there was much to compensate in the open-air life.

Stanley is never better than when describing a battle scene, and Shiloh (pages 186-204) is a stirring chapter. The emotion of battle is brought close to us. The morning dawning on an army in grey, wet, hungry, and tired, but still falling into line and advancing. The first shots overhead, giving a sting to the air. Then the clatter and din of musketry, as if the world were coming to an end. The near approach to the enemy, little filmy puffs of smoke streaked with flame showing the line of men in blue. The roar from the throats of four hundred companies "all like our own"—the successful charge and the camp taken, giving evidence in the scattered clothes and equipment that the attack was a surprise. But there are five miles more of camps to take, and on we go again. A bullet in the belt-plate lays our soldier low, knocked out of time; but he is soon up again, and hurrying forward passes through an avenue of familiar faces killed and wounded. The company regained the final camp taken, and then utter weariness—the one desire to rest—and that was gratified, for a dry tent was found, and, joy! fresh biscuits and a tin of treacle, too. The next day Stanley was a prisoner. His reflections as he caught up his company are given at full length—wonder, pity, indignation—two pages and a half of reflections. We cannot help wondering whether Henry Stanley, the young "Dixie Grey," was conscious of all those thoughts at the time: whether some of them were not born when he became an autobiographer. A character in the company was "Old Slate." When Stanley visited Atlanta, Georgia, in 1891, he received a very pleasing letter from James M. Slate, p. 204, an eloquent testimony to the regard in which "our boyish-looking Stanley" was held by the Dixie Greys.

Then follows a dreadful period of imprisonment. Happy soldiers of to-day who, in civilised war, can never again experience such horrible neglect! So horrible was it that at last Stanley was persuaded to join the U.S. Artillery. He never served against his old comrades, though, for he was soon invalided. A short return to England brought no happiness, and in '64 he was a ship's writer on board an American man-of-war in the assault on Fort Fisher, North Carolina. And here he began to be a journalist, for his letters descriptive of the assault which he watched were welcomed by the newspapers. Stanley's first entry into journalistic life as a selected "Special" was with General Hancock's expedition against several Indian tribes. Here he learnt his preliminary lesson in dealing with savages, to exhaust all possible means of kindness and conciliation, and then to hit, and hit hard. This principle he adhered to all through his great travels in Africa, and with the very happiest results. On this expedition he contributed to numerous papers. The result was many nice words and £600 saved. But the *New York Herald* did more, and commissioned him to accompany Lord Napier's expedition to Abyssinia, whence he scored the great success of getting a telegram through to New York reporting the taking of Magdala and King Theodore's death before any English newspaper had the news. On June 28, 1868, he writes: "I am a permanent employee of the *Herald*," and a most interesting journalistic career

follows, culminating with the commission to go and find Livingstone.

But this great commission was the last of a most interesting series, an account of which is found in "My Early Travels and Adventures." There follow then the notes of his three great journeys, the histories of which are told in his three books, "How I Found Livingstone," "Through the Dark Continent," and "In Darkest Africa"; and besides these his work on the Congo, which, in fact, founded the Congo Free State. The scene when Livingstone is met at last is very touching, and of deep human interest. They spent four months together, and circumnavigated Lake Tanganyika together, proving it one sheet of water, and parted, never to meet again. Stanley's appreciation of David Livingstone's beautiful character and nature is very eloquently expressed on pages 281-283. Stanley's first care on arrival at Zanzibar was to send Livingstone trusty bearers to carry out the mission which he held himself pledged to, to determine the watershed north of Lake Tanganyika, and to trace the course of the River Lualaba from the Great Lake. Livingstone held that it was an affluent of the Nile. In that quest he died, and Stanley, hearing the news of his death at St. Vincent on his way home from the Ashantee expedition, vowed himself to the completion of Livingstone's unfinished task. Then, soon after he reached England, he approached the *Daily Telegraph*, with the result that he was commissioned by that paper and the *New York Herald* jointly to take his second great journey. The account of the passage across Africa is the most interesting in the Autobiography. It records, too, his greatest exploit. Again he gives us a battle scene. Pages 301-304 describe his negotiations, and then his combats, with the Vinyata. He tried his best to win his road by conciliation, but in vain. The Vinyata attacked; and then Stanley was true to the lessons he had learnt in the West, and attacked the Vinyata again and again till he passed on his road driving great wealth of flocks and herds. His stay with M'Tesa, the King of Uganda, was epoch-making. To Stanley is due the Christianising of that State. The descent of the Lualaba is as graphic a tale of travel as has ever been told. We are spared the particulars of many cannibal attacks, but through the grizzly dripping forest we are carried on the rushing Lualaba (the Upper Congo), bearing with us the din of battle, the throb of the tom-tom, with no time wasted on oft-repeated detail. And then, having reached the coast, Stanley showed his true wisdom and good heart, and took his Zanzibari carriers back to their native land.

His work on the Congo when he was engaged in making the Congo State is interestingly sketched, and an amusing ruse is related of how a Ngalyema truculent chief is impressed with the power of Stanley's fetish—a big Burma gong. Ngalyema strikes it, and Stanley's hidden men drop down from tree, from roof, spring out of tents and bushes, and surround Ngalyema.

Then the last journey to rescue Emin Pasha—of great difficulty and of most disappointing result. The salient points in the narrative as told in "Darkest Africa" are here related, and we can almost feel the gloom of that primeval forest with the travellers, and share their boyish glee in being once more in the open air. Undoubtedly Stanley felt very bitterly Emin's ungrateful treachery when Bagamoyo was reached, in handing himself over body and soul to the German service. But most he felt the bitter accusations which assailed him on his return to England: that he had employed slave labour, that he had seized Emin and carried him by force to the coast, that he had destroyed the "civilised edifice" which Emin had so laboriously built, etc., etc. Stanley writes, p. 374:

As for the "civilised edifice," Heaven save the mark! Emin's departure broke up organised slave bands which, since Gordon's death, had, under the mask of Government, committed as much devastation, robbery, and slave-raiding as even the Manyema had been guilty of.

This autobiography contains many very interesting in-

terviews with eminent men, among them King Leopold of the Belgians, with whom Stanley had much intimate intercourse. His marriage seems to have been the real crown of his life, and the jewel in that crown his little boy, Denzil. Parliament was no pleasure to him. He hated canvassing for election. He did not enjoy the years he spent in the House. Life was not strenuous enough there for him. He thought that there was too much waste of time, too little reality; and he loathed an indoor life. The story of his death is pathetic and dignified. The fault of this book is what seems to be Stanley's great shortcoming—the absence of a sense of humour. His early life accounts for this, of course; but it is a defect which is felt when reading his autobiography. There is a sense, too, of over self-assertion and complacency in describing his efforts and their results. His soliloquies are sometimes too protracted, and he pours out thoughts on spiritual things which most men do not record, but keep in their own hearts, fearing to expose them, fearing the want of interest which the reader might feel in them. On page 284 he records a dialogue with Livingstone:

"What can he be thinking about?" I used to wonder; and once I ventured to break the silence with, "A penny for your thoughts, doctor!" "They are not worth it, my young friend; and let me suggest that, if I had any, I should wish to keep them."

Stanley might have taken this a little to heart, but then sense of humour was wanting. As a last note of this most valuable life's record, we would call attention to Stanley's letter to the *Times* at the end of the Emin relief expedition on page 376. It is an unequalled treatise on the requirements for civilising Africa, and tells us the gifts, the heart, the training that alone will make European influence healthy and beneficent. Let young pioneers read it till they learn it by heart, so that they may not forget it when they are no longer young. But of pioneers there are few, while thousands find their greatest pleasure in reading of their doings. So let readers of travel know the letter too, and, judging of their heroes, weigh well how near they reach Stanley's ideals. He was the last who would have said, "How near they reach being Stanley."

A VISION INCARNATE

The Heavenly Vision. A second selection of sermons preached by GEORGE HOWARD WILKINSON, D.D. (London: A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd. 5s. net.)

IN his opening sermon Bishop Wilkinson has left us the real secret of his spiritual glorification. It was not a vision of pure transcendence, as the poet's vision might be, but a vision incarnate—in the flesh. He saw the perfect beauty and spotless glory of the Eternal City; and he saw and understood, as one whose view was not only influenced by the shadows in the Valley of Darkness, but as one who was still a prisoner amid the hideous chaos of the Dreadful City. The city wherein the old Adam still ruled supreme, a slave to carnal lust and grovelling Self, a victim of foul corruption, fetid disease, and spiritual torture.

He repeats to us the Prophets' message, and calls upon us to bear witness, through our own natural sense of goodness (God), to the historical teachings of that natural and revealing monitor of the past. Here is a passage from his description of the spiritual horrors which are so recklessly propagated in the vast City of Darkness (London):—

These cripples and these idiots are the children of drunkards and of men who were "fast" (as the world calls it) in earlier life. Or there is the case of the mother who wilfully and carelessly left her little child to the neglect of a nurse, that she might dance and drink in of this world's pleasures, and you see the fruit in the blighted, wasted life.

Following the exposure of the death which exists in sin, we have the sermon on the "Great Refusal" of the city to receive the Light, a refusal which is perhaps not so

bitter to the Divine Soul as was the refusal of the chosen city. For one of the most interesting signs which Bishop Wilkinson discovers amidst the general state of ignorance and wickedness is the way in which opinion appears to be longing to rally round Christ. As an example of the labouring soul, and of the twofold forces by which it is swayed, he takes the case of the royal son of Jesse. Thus, in the life of David, we are given a striking instance of the beauty and ugliness of the soul which has striven to serve God and Self. Says Bishop Wilkinson:—

As the champion of Israel against the blasphemers of Jehovah, his (David's) character portrays the loyal soldier, the brave adventurer, the firm, unflinching friend . . . Then, suddenly, and almost without a word of warning, the whole scene is changed. The strong man, who had borne with unflinching hardihood the trials of exile, is transformed into the effeminate idler.

This sermon, indeed, has a potent influence in discovering the agony arising out of a deliberate attempt at double servitude. Through the godless and rebellious Absalom, David at last sees, in all its horrors, the chasm which self servitude rears between God and man.

So from the indwelling darkness of the soul, the preacher passes on to the "Need for Light," and arrives at the threshold of that "Larger Vision" which is so sensitive of the awful treason of righteous sophistry.

Part II. deals with the "New Birth," which is disclosed by the "Larger Vision." How such spiritual regeneration is accomplished the reader himself will best discover by a study of the volume, which reaches to a real consciousness of spiritual transcendence and beauty, by slow but assuring processes of holy communion.

In the sermon on the "Loans of God" there is such an important reference to the prevalent loose way of accepting the Holy Sacrament as to be worthy of a quotation in detail:—

My brethren, I know how difficult it is; as I look back over my own ministerial life; as I think of those who have come to talk with me, when the voice has spoken; as I think of those servants, feeling that they could not go to Communion and could not get to church in that situation, and therefore must go out from a home of perfect comfort, not knowing whither they were going; when I think of that poor woman who came to me in Windmill Street, with her little shop that brought in nothing all the week, and on Sunday brought in enough to keep her in comfort, and, without a word from myself on the subject said, "I feel I ought to go to church and shut up my shop"; when I remember that man in the prime of life, one of the most popular men that ever came to this church, whom everybody liked; his business was prospering, bringing in three or four thousand a year, and increasing every year; and the voice came to him, and he said, "I feel there is nothing else to be done but to part with all this at once; leave me three or four hundred a year, and I must go out and work for God where others will not go; I am free, I must do it, and sell all that I have." Oh, my brethren, when they came to me, I remember how my heart shrank and sank within me! I thought what it would be, what it would cost, what a trial—the poor woman without bread, or almost worse, kept by charity—the poor thing. Yet it was not I who told her, but God. She felt sure the voice was from God, and she said, "I must do it, or I shall go back, back, back, in my spiritual life." And all that man's friends saw the influence that he would lose in London; how, instead of being looked up to as a man whose opinion would be taken in a moment by all the young fellows in London, they would say, "Lost his head; that St. Peter's ruined him!"

What, then, does this prove? Does it not prove that the very reality of the "New Birth" is tested by the results which this most Christian form of communion with Christ obtains? For should no self-sacrificing results obtain, the communicant must be either a hypocrite or, as Bishop Wilkinson says, a coward.

To such as these we would therefore commend the careful perusal of Parts III. and IV., by studying which they may possibly become imbued with the "Power and Strength" to live the "Dedicated Life" which their confirmation vows have demanded of them.

MORAL INSTINCT

Natural and Social Morals. By CARVETH READ, M.A.
(London: A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this volume Professor Read exposes the cosmic unity of his metaphysics, and it therefore acts as a complementary volume to the other. The ground of Being here is the reflex ground of life, which is the metaphysical basis of all metaphysical change (sense phenomena), and, on the scientific formula that Being is not mentally different from its mental consciousness of matter, gives us a moral system of Nature. The book, in fact, might well be defined as an exposition of that evolution of instincts.

Thus the objective (metaphysics) of Being, here, viz., consciousness, becomes the subjective (physics) of Being, viz., reflexion. As a reflex form it has no phenomenal or objective knowledge, and as far as the knowledge or consciousness of existence is concerned, Being is now experience universally developed, and not, as in the metaphysics, historically evolved. Professor Read's Being differs from Hegel's Being, in that the former's ground of experience is a cosmic or Mendelian ground of experience, whilst Hegel's was a non-reflex or independent ground of experience.

As a subjective science of Morality, therefore, the book not only supplies the real basis of his own metaphysics, but of Hegel's dialectical momentum as well, and, in this light, is a very valuable and original work of science, since it gives immanent unity to historical transcendence. In other words, Professor Read shows the actual rise of moral sense. Thus, the actual development of Being is not made through a conscious sense of transcendence (ideas), but through a conscious sense of immanence (experience or reflexion). Immanent morality is not concerned with the world as we know it, viz., with natural phenomena, but with the world as we are unconscious of forming a part of it, viz., with natural totality. This real or absolute ground of morality is not the less real or absolute for being a cosmic or instructive process, since it is the reflection of a total and not particular subjection. Historic morality, in fact, has no moral ultimate, though it may appear to possess, in a particular sense, a moral form. This constitutes the supreme fact of Professor Read's profound arguments. For the fact is a supreme fact, because it is, in the nature of irrefragable science, an eternal fact. The arguments are profound because Professor Read makes the fact plain to us. Hegel failed in his attempt to prove the opposite, viz., a natural limit to morality, but succeeded in exposing a supernatural (ideal) limit to it. Professor Read, on the other hand, has succeeded in showing us the natural fallacy of moral ideas, and leaves us on the threshold of this fallacy. He has, nevertheless, accomplished a great and important work, for, by it, he has made a systematic discovery of the Mendelian process. He offers us no consolation with respect to a moral universe, because his own moral ground is a physical one.

But we may argue, on our part, so was Christ's ground of morality a physical ground, and proof has still to be forthcoming that Christ's physical ground of duty was not God's ground of duty, or, we might say, even the infinite or undefined substance of Professor Read's Morality.

There is an epilogue to the book, in which Professor Read formulates his opinions with regard to the causes of degeneration. They are interesting and suggestive as offering, in many instances, the indirect sources of national decline. For, if we were to seek for the original causes, could they not be scientifically proved to lie in the very depreciation and ideal extinction of the characteristics which give rise to nations? Take, for instance, our own prevalent case of national degeneracy. Does not all the trouble appear to lie in the fact that the individual forces of character, by which England attained to the summit of her greatness, have been submerged under or choked by an immoral dependence upon institutional forces? For the latter forces can never be recognised as possessing a moral objective, apart from individual character.

State morality must always prove a poor and weak substitute, and is therefore a dangerous rival of private morality. Professor Read himself admits as much. Thus:

Plainly, all institutions, law-courts, parliaments, churches, depend for their efficacy entirely upon the character of those who carry them on or live under them: that determines whether they shall be living powers or empty masks.

There can be no shadow of doubt that our institutions, law courts, parliaments, and churches fail ignominiously, because of the individual inability and corruption allied to them. Such structures of national greatness must always prove abortive, apart from the original (individual) elements of greatness.

The influx of strangers, which Professor Read considers a most general cause of the submergence of a dominant race, should really foster stupendous powers of moral purity, where the institutions of a great nation possess, not merely an ideal, but a practical form of sustaining the moral issues which are synonymous of the greatness and purity of those institutions.

It would be folly to wreck our institutions, but it would be wise to cleanse them from their appalling state of corruption and maladministration.

TO LOAF

The Rambles of an Idler. By CHARLES C. ABBOTT. (Stanley Paul. 5s.)

This book will probably fall between two publics: There is a public for descriptive or meditative writing, and a public for the amateur naturalist. The amateur naturalist, however, to be read, must contribute something more original to the stock of our knowledge than the fact that a pair of wrens have built their nest in a tomato-tin, or that a vesper mouse had made its home in a rusty pan. The amateur philosopher must be discriminating, and not give us *all* his impressions, "whether or no it prove an oft-told tale," which is Mr. Abbott's method. "It is well to make sure of every passing thought," he writes, "later it may prove the text of an effective sermon." That depends on the quality of the thoughts; and Mr. Abbott's meditations upon "candor" cellars, Mayday, the finding of a button, and the present state of literature are not always worth preserving. He shares with Thoreau a tendency to record trifles with an over-minute punctuality and conscientiousness of detail, but has nothing of Thoreau's real knowledge of wild life and freshness of manner. There is a flatness about his impressions and interpretations. We know that "All that a bird's song signifies we do not know, although books have been written on this single subject." We know that "Not all the lectures, sermons, books, and museums in the land can take nature's place"; we are aware that "Content is the key-note of life's success." Sometimes there is a strain of insincerity, an attitude resembling the improving verses of Jane and Ann Turner, as in his suggestion: "Down on your knees and examine a cobweb more closely than ever before, and then cease to brag of human skill in lace-making!"

Among these spasmodic interpretations of nature, we have a number of impressions of American scenery, or more precisely, of that corner of it, "Nature's remnant of Elysium, New Jersey," but it is difficult to discover anything that adds to our knowledge of the catbird, the vireo, the chewink, and the indigo-bird, the turtle, the mink and the muskrat; any picture of nature that lives in the memory; any freshness of personal outlook. For in nature we care less for things seen than the way in which certain eyes, like Thoreau's or Richard Jefferies, see them. "In this pleasing wood life," writes Emerson, "let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines, and resound with the hum of insects."

How is a book to be made to smell of pines? That is the secret; and Mr. Abbott has not solved it.

SHORTER REVIEWS

FICTION

Robert Emmet. By STEPHEN GWYNN. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. GWYNN calls his book an historical romance, but there is more of history than romance about it. Though interesting as a reconstruction of Robert Emmet's abortive rising of 1803, as a novel it lacks life. The author truly says that he "has used little more imaginative licence than was conceded to historians who assigned to generals and to politicians speeches suitable to this or that occasion"—that is to say, he challenges comparison with historians rather than novelists. As an imaginative memoir the book is very interesting reading, and Mr. Gwynn has evidently made a careful study of all accessible materials.

The picture of Emmet, the superfine conspirator, the scrupulous gentleman, the single leader and the one man of education among a crowd of countrymen and mechanics, arrests the attention. He worked with imperfect instruments; at every turn his ingenuity, his thought-out schemes failed by defect in the human machinery; the ignorance and carelessness of his tools. As a leader he failed, and led his comrades and associates into pitiful disaster, for which they paid and he paid. "Let no man write my epitaph," he said in his last speech in court, "for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them." His epitaph is still unwritten; but this novel is a vindication of his disinterestedness and the charm of his character. The one imaginative licence that the author allows himself is the account of the betrayal of Emmet's hiding-place. Who gave to the Castle the secret of his hiding-place is not known, and perhaps never will be, Mr. Gwynn writes. The reward of £1,000 was paid to the account of Richard Jones, which is certainly an alias. This much is certain, that the Government contemplated bringing forward MacNally. In a letter from Wickham of the 28th August, discussing the difficulty of establishing proof against Emmet, occurs this passage: "The question of bringing forward secret information has been well considered and discussed, and there is but one opinion on the subject, viz., that it were a thousand times better that Emmet should escape than that we should close for ever a most accurate source of information." There was only one spy to whose value so high a testimony could have been paid, and that was Leonard MacNally; and, acting on this supposition, Mr. Gwynn has made him the instrument of Emmet's betrayal.

Candles in the Wind. By MAUD DIVER. (Blackwood. 6s.)

ONE distrusts trilogies and novels with a purpose, and "Candles in the Wind" completes a trilogy of novels whose object is to give a fuller presentment of the varied vicissitudes of life and work on the Indian frontier than the scope of a single book will admit. This closely written and laborious book is therefore not so much a novel as a picture and praise of the ill-rewarded workers scattered broadcast over India, "lonely planters, district officers in the salt ranges, civil engineers encamped on glaring reaches of river and canal"; the backwoods of the world, "where the real work of men goes forward with sweat of brow and blistered hands, with action and endurance in place of speculation and talk." Indeed, the tremendous background of the hills somewhat dwarfs the commonplace plot. Lyndsay Vereker, an Early Victorian angel born a few decades out of date, has married in England James Videlle, a doctor in the Indian Army home on leave, a Eurasian. The natural disillusion in India, after marriage, the race-conflict between natives so antipodal as the East and West for which they stand, forms the main subject of the book, though there are welcome interludes of road-building and hill-fights on the Frontier that makes or breaks her servants. At the end of the

book James Videlle is "removed" by the plague, and in the last chapter Mrs. Videlle is rewarded after the manner of novelists. She meets Captain Lawrence, who has long been in love with her. "She leaned a little towards him, her lips just framing the heart's supreme word, and in the rapture of revelation that followed they were alone in space; he the only man, and she the only woman in a temporarily enchanted world." "Candles in the Wind" has as its motto a quotation from George Meredith to the effect that "the light of every soul burns upward, but most of them are candles in the wind. Let us allow for atmospheric disturbances." But most of the "candles" of the book keep their light shining with a remarkably steady flame, in spite of storms and atmospheric disturbances. Indeed, the characters—except the two Eurasians, who are carefully studied—are too good to be true. Mrs. Videlle especially—before whom her creator bows down too openly—is not wholly convincing. The book often moves heavily, and the style is over-emphatic.

The Attic Guest. By ROBERT KNOWLES. (Melrose. 6s.)

"THE ATTIC GUEST" is said in the Foreword to be the work of a minister's wife, "a lady of much charm, cultured, winsome. No one could know her without feeling that her qualities of heart were even greater than those of her intellect." She appears to have shrunk from the publicity of publication, "as must any Southern lady," and to have requested Mr. Robert Knowles to let the book "see the light if he thought it worthy." "I believed her implicitly," writes Mr. Knowles. The reader may choose to believe Mr. Knowles's Foreword implicitly, or consider it one of the customary mystifications of the novelist. The book is written with the flat sentimentality of a certain type of American fiction. The Presbyterian minister, Gordon Laird, is put up in the attic of a Southern house, and falls in love with Helen Randall, the daughter of the house. He outrages the sentiment of the South by interfering with the lynching of a negro, and is obliged to leave hurriedly. Later, he marries Helen Randall, and their domestic vicissitudes are the main subject of the book. The waverings of Gordon Laird—who is a kind of incomplete Robert Elsmere who "has begun with Drummond and ended with Harnack"—do not end in tragedy; she is brought back "to the fold." The book, whether the work of the Southern lady or Mr. Knowles, is ill-written and absurdly sentimental in tone. A baronet is called a lordling or a lordlet. The fact that Mr. Gordon Laird has a large head is expressed by saying that "the Reverend Gordon's attic was certainly the best room in his bodily edifice." One sentence gives the measure of the taste of the book. "I believe there's no place where a girl so feels the trembling joy of love as in her own little room when she returns to it with her lips still moist from the sacramental kiss." A verse of a song, quoted several times for its beauty, is:—

Still must you call me tender names,
Still gently stroke my tresses;
Still shall my happy answering heart
Keep time to your caresses.

The Bluffshire Courier. By PENTLAND PEILE. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THIS is a West Highland story, and burning questions, such as deer forests and Highland Land Reform are always on the tapis. Miss Miranda Ross, the granddaughter of an evicted crofter who has made a fortune in America, comes to Grimsburgh in Bluffshire, full of enthusiasm for her "oppressed country-people." She takes a house in the neighbourhood, and acquires a long-established provincial newspaper, *The Bluffshire Courier*, which is now run as "an advanced Radical crofter paper, triennial parliaments, land for the people, abolition of all

remaining feudal incumbrances." The failure of her schemes, her disillusionment, and distrust of the Radical candidate, Robin Begg, whose stirring speech has such an ill effect on the "lawlessness of hot Celtic blood," are the subject of the book. Finally she marries the young Duke of Bluffshire, and when we see her last she is "wondering, maybe, for what inscrutable purpose Providence had ruled out everything so strangely contrary to anything she had ever anticipated; wondering, maybe, what a very kaleidoscope is life after all, when it sets the granddaughter of the evicted crofter mistress in the ancestral halls of the evictors, with her fortune to restore the fallen fortunes of a great historic house." It will be seen that this is a distinctly optimistic novel; with a "happy ending." Some of the revelations as to the conduct of a provincial newspaper are amusing enough, and so are Lord Ian's clever attempts to sell the *édition de luxe* of his "Wails of the Philibeg."

A BOOK FOR BOYS

A Hero of Sedan. By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON. (London: Blackie and Son, Ltd. 6s. net.)

CAPTAIN BRERETON's stirring romance of the Franco-Prussian War is to be highly recommended as a gift book for the young. Indeed, it has a historical soundness and value which might well appeal to older minds. The hero, Jack Carter, is a student of Guy's Hospital, who, on account of the impending trouble in France, is obliged to return to that country, where his parents have a farm near the small and unimportant town of Weissenburg on the River Lauter. Previous to leaving England he is joined by two young friends, Louis Castiline, a Frenchman, and Carl Prunzen, a German, who are art students in London, both of whom are obliged, on account of the war cloud, to hasten to their respective countries for active service. On their arrival in Paris the young trio finally separate, each to pursue his lone way home, little dreaming of a tragic form to any future meeting.

The home of the Carters, situated, as it was, near the River Lauter, which constituted the very frontier line between the two countries, had to be abandoned, the family, consisting of father, mother, and daughter, removing to Paris. Jack, however, was left in charge of the farm, and on the outbreak of hostilities, which commenced in the very neighbourhood of his father's property, the valiant lad manages to remove most of the valuable stock and furniture to neutral ground in Belgium. On his return to Weissenburg, his adventures during the terrible struggle which ensued between the two nations began in earnest.

Captain Brereton's deep knowledge of military tactics, together with his thorough acquaintance with and strict adherence to historical fact, are qualities which add importance to the writing of the book, the exciting events of which are developed in a manly spirit and healthy tone.

Lads will be fascinated and their better passions fired by such incidents as Jack's first encounter with Veltenden, and his ultimate triumph over the evil schemes of this degenerate German spy; whilst it would be difficult to expose the variety of fine emotions which the magnificent charge of the French cuirassiers at the battle of Wörth, and the spirited and gallant defence of the village of Bazeilles, are likely to create in their young hearts.

Wherever the hero is to be found, he is the centre of keen admiration, and as a youthful commander of one of the band of Franches-tireurs or irregulars, he displays not only a British spirit for daring, but a British skill in command. It is a fine and inspiring work for boys to read, and full of surprising interest for the elder folks as well, for Captain Brereton has accomplished, in writing it, the difficult feat of exposing those potent forms of error which made Germany an almost complete victor of France.

THE DEATH OF THE GODS

"At the hour of Christ's Agony a cry of 'Great Pan is dead' swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners—and the oracles ceased."—Plutarch: "De Oraculorum Defectu."

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "He, brethren! What ails our overseer? All morn he hath stood between the benches, with fixed and glaring eyes fastened upon the far horizon as if he were a seer of visions i' place of a seer of faults, whose scourge hath branded my limbs with red flakes and serpentine scars. Ha! if we can prove him sick, brothers, let us rise together in our chains and strive to uproot the benches with our united force."

CHORUS OF SLAVES: "Strive with our united force!"

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "We will liberate the men upon the lower decks down to those who toil in utter darkness day and night, until a kindly madness seals their senses. We will slay our taskmasters cruelly, and stuff their grim mouths with the rotten figs and black beans whereon they starved us. We will hack them into little pieces, and cast them in our skin-bags through the port-holes. The malachite flood shall gnash and gnaw their flayed bones, but we will drink their good wine and be free."

CHORUS: "Be free! Be free!"

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "Hu! Already I list a chisel shrieking through the ankle-rings that have cut their living bracelets on my numbed bones. Oh! to stretch one's limbs, to straighten, to let the cramp sink from one's neck along the spine, and quiver, and shrink, and die. Oh! to glut the greedy jaws of the Sea-Wife with the souls of her tormentors, to sprawl upon the galley with speech a-bubble through the hot grapejuices. And then to steer for land and liberty."

CHORUS: "Land and liberty!"

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "Alas! What have I not suffered and endured? How fever hath seamed me with its sharp fingers, the thong hath whistled round my battered temples, the sun molten upon my head as fire beneath a pot, and rain and storm set my feet amid chill waters. My muscles have strained till the creaking sinews of my body start forth in purple knots, my veins are dragged by fetters from their natural functions, my palms are raw upon the oar, and my eyes blear and red with sleepless hours. But, Oh! beware thee, overseer, if we prove thee weakling."

CHORUS: "Beware. Beware!"

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "Look! He stirs not at your outcry, but still standeth like a bronze, red clad, staring out into the dim horizon. Truly, this matin is weirdly, wan, and woeful, and the main greyer than a dolorous woman. But have patience, brethren! He will bide a little longer to view if he be not merely feigning in one of his brutal tricks. Let us wait, lest at the least rebellion he turn on a sudden with his whip and deliver blows, smiting thicker than hail, upon our cringing backs. O! thou confounded judge, mayest thou gape there till we have passed the flaring gleam of the lighthouse over Pharos. Hist, thou, who makest blasts and demons out of men, I spit at thee like a cat for sheer pain and rage and hatred! Stay but thus inert till we have left the beacon-gleam glow behind, and tho' it be night we will see."

CHORUS: "And tho' it be night we will see!"

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "Hs—ssht! Speak not yet of mutiny till blessed darkness cover our quick action. Let us rather converse together as we have never done before, to murder the slow-footed hours. As for me, I hail from Nineveh, and though my sorrows are as yours, my gods are not. I was born at the time of weeping for the old Thammuzi—and weeping hath held through life. For Thammuzi is a vast and veritable god. Yea, indeed, he was once on earth and summoned a king to do worship to the silver planets, but the king was wroth at his commanding, and put him to death most shamefully. Then

the Goddess of Love, whose passion he enjoyed, went unto the Underworld in search for him, and the virgins of Assyria wailed at her departure, and strewed crimson anemones, which sprang from out his blood. And also, on learning of his decease, all the angels and seka'in beat their breasts and sighed for Thammuzi. All the images of the gods flew forth from their close sanctuaries, left their anointed altars and high shrines, and congregated in the Sun-house at Babylon, where the golden likeness of the daystar hangs in the centre of the temple, surrounded by all the lesser ikons of the world. And, lo! the Gold Sun began to dirge for Thammuzi, singing elegies of him and chanting his mournful histories, whilst all the idols sobbed from sunset unto sunrise. And then they soared back to their own countries and ceased their moan, excepting Nesr, the eagle-lord of Araby, whose tears o'erflow for aye since then. And of such greatness are the gods of Babylon, where I dwelt until my curséd conqueror pinned my proud ear with awls against the Grecian door."

SECOND GALLEY SLAVE: "O Stranger, thou art brawny, and our chief in this perilous adventure, and we will follow thee through the hells of danger, though our road be narrower than the back of a sword. But yet thy gods are as children unto mine! I am a Roman, reared in the shadow of the Capitol and sluggish Tiber stream. Behold! What is thy Thammuzi beside Apollo Phœbus, the Sun god? His looks are radiant and delicious in ungience; he guides the bright steeds through the intricacies of heaven, often grieving the fate of his son, the beautiful Phaëton, who loaned his fiery chariot, and driving all too rashly was hurtled dead from sky to earth, with white limbs burning as a hundred torches. So fierce was the anguish of his mother that the pitying deities transformed her to a soft, cerulean mere and her three daughters, the Heliades, were changed to swaying poplar trees, whose welling tears turn amber on their boughs. My gods are more lovely than all thy crude antiquities."

THIRD GALLEY SLAVE: "Nay, slight not my idols in Egypt, who are gigantic and grander than the vaulted Pyramids. Does not the veiled Isis reign above the temple Sistra, pressing the sweet babe Horus to her heart? Doth not the true god Amun—"

[A sudden gloom o'er-sweeps the waters, and the sky grows black as pitch. The sea, the galley, the slaves are eclipsed, only the overseer is seen standing like a lurid, red streak in the darkness.]

FIRST GALLEY SLAVE: "What is this? A miracle! It is night at noon!"

SECOND SLAVE: "O Hades! Hades!"

Another screams: "The gods show anger at our plotting. Ah—h, I fear!"

THE OVERSEER: "All morn I have watched them dying—the old gods. I saw the great Pan writhing, with hairy arms, among the dank rushes; saw him bite the river flags of Peneus in his tremendous throes, and wrestle with his pangs. The dryads could not hold him, and the goat-legged satyr rout clattered through the forest in mad panic. Psyche rested, with silken hair dishevelled, in the faint embrace of Eros, whose arrows were scattered around. The staff of Hermes brast, and the Pythoness sat mute upon the shrivelled snake-skin, praying for the words of her Delphian lord. Zeus tumbled forward from his dais; Dionysus choked 'mid the startled Maenads and the shattered vessels; the spilt red wine nigh drowned their stiffening limbs. Down, in deep ocean lairs, hoar Nereus lies stark amid his purple-shouldered Tritons, and Thetis will never draw her pearly comb again through the rich robe of her tresses. Oh! I see blind Pluto and Persephone hurled from their thrones into an infernal chasm, shooting with green witch-fires and breathing slime profound. All Chaos howls, the deep bellows, the gods fall. It is night! Beset by hornets as Io, and riven as Semele; tearing, foaming, raving, shrilling—Oh, hear them! I see a Cross rear high upon a hill. Soldiers in glittering tite, and pale women with soft, uplifted faces, stand at its base, and beyond are multi-

tudes of people in silks and linen and strange Orient gems. And, lo! there is One hanging on the beams, with nailed hands and feet, and a crown of thorns upon His head, wounding His tender brows. He lifts His eyes, He cries aloud—"

[The darkness increases. There is clamour and confusion on the galley, and a Voice wails out across the waters, "Great Pan is dead!"]

THE GALLEY SLAVES: "Woe! Woe!"

R. M. B.

VOX STELLARUM

"I made," said Robinson Crusoe, "every seventh notch as long again as the rest; and every first day of a month as long again as that long one"; and if he had not lived before the era of popular museums, he would have known that he was merely imitating the runic tallies and clog almanacks of his mediæval ancestors. In this form the almanack greatly resembled the scores that may still be seen chalked up on some old-fashioned alehouse doors, or the exchequer tallies whose burning some eighty years ago was directly responsible for the destruction of the Palace of Westminster.

The earliest European printed almanack was produced at Mainz by Gutenberg in 1457; and forty years afterwards the "Kalendar of Shepards," a translation from the French, was issued in England from the press of Richard Pynson. The usefulness of these early almanacks may be gathered from the fact that the Nuremberg Ephemeris of Joannes de Monte-Regio (or Regiomontanus) is said to have sold for ten crowns, or very much more than its weight in gold. This, according to Hallam, was the best work of its kind that has ever been published. At first these ephemerides contained nothing but a list of celestial phenomena, arranged for cycles of several years. By the sixteenth century, calendars for a single year had made their appearance, and saints' days and other fasts and festivals of the Church were incorporated with the text. Then followed notes of remarkable bygone events; and astrological and meteorological prognostications were a natural development. As early as Chaucer's time the astronomical tables of the manuscript calendars appear to have been of an exhaustive character; for in the preface to his unfinished "Treatise on the Astrolabe," a school-book that he wrote for his mathematically inclined son Lewis, he says that the third part of the book is to contain "divers tables of longitudes and latitudes of stars, cities, and towns, and of declinations of the sun; and tables as well for the governance of a clock; and many another notable conclusion after the kalendars of the reverend clerks, Friar J. Somer and Friar N. Lenne."

Unfortunately, the treatise never got as far as the end of the second part; and so we have no means of knowing the precise nature of the calendars of these two learned friars. But it is evident that Chaucer himself shared his son's affection for this kind of literature, for at a much earlier period he wrote in his "A B C" that "K was a Kalendar."

When prophetic calendars first made their appearance in this country it is difficult to say with any exactness; probably they were not introduced until many years after they were common abroad. As early as 1579 they had become such a serious nuisance in France that Henry III. found it necessary to forbid their publication; but while English writers of that time make frequent references to such matters as "finding out moonshine," "the high tides in the calendar," and "the calendar of my past endeavours," there is no instance until a much later period of any reference to the school of prophets of the type of Zadkiel. At all events, there is no instance that comes readily to mind.

The monopoly of almanack-publication was granted by James I. to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the two Universities, and the Stationers' Company jointly; and the flood of prophecy was at once let loose. Apparently the Universities were unwilling to be associated with these

unscientific and often indecent publications, for they contented themselves with issuing almanacks that commuted their interest in the monopoly for an annual cash payment. The Stationers and the Archbishop, however, contented themselves with issuing almanacks that contradicted one another; giving a complete set of predictions in one treatise, and in another for the same year, 1624, dismissing the supposed influence of the moon upon the human body as a heathenish notion of lying astrology.

Of all the English soothsayers, perhaps the most remarkable was William Lilly, the Leicestershire prophet, who, under the name of Sidrophel, is immortalised in Hudibras. His first important act was to publish a horoscope of Charles I., which pleased that monarch so much that he took the astrologer into favour, and continued to consult him, with disastrous results, in all the important crises of his chequered life. In the year of Marston Moor, Lilly was taken into the service of the Stationers' Company, and the publication of "The Prophecies of Merlinus Anglicus, Junior," was begun. It must have been this that Izaak Walton had in his mind when he wrote, "He that follows a rule in fly-fishing for trout shall be as sure to catch fish as he that makes hay by the fair days in the almanack, and no surer; and for winter fly-fishing—it is as useful as an almanack out of date."

Besides acting as an almanack-maker, Lilly would seem to have continued his trade of a private fortune-teller, for there is extant a letter to him from a certain Roger Knight, enclosing eleven shillings, and asking for information as to the success of a love-suit upon which he was embarked.

A little of Lilly's bacchanalian propensities may be gathered from a pamphlet he published, "An Interpretation of that Strange Apparition of Three Suns seen in London on November 19, 1644, being the Birthday of King Charles"; at any rate his enemies unkindly suggested that this apparition might have been caused by the seer's too loyal drinking of his Royal patron's health. For shortly afterwards an anonymous satire appeared, bearing the title "Lillie's Banquet, or the Stargazer's Feast."

It was this same Lilly who predicted the Plague and Fire of London with such remarkable accuracy as to endanger his own head; for he was summoned before a Committee of the House of Commons on suspicion of complicity with the Papists in causing these two disasters. He was, however, acquitted.

Partridge, the shoemaker, astrologer, and doctor of medicine, is better known than he deserves, by reason of the rather cruel trick that Swift played on him. Under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaffe (afterwards adopted by Steele in the "Tatler"), the Dean brought out, at the end of the year 1707, a rival Prophetic Calendar. It must be remembered that until the introduction of New Style the year began towards the end of March; and so the announcement of the death of J. Partridge for the twenty-ninth of March was the very first prediction that the book contained. On the thirtieth, Swift put forth a pamphlet, "The Accomplishment of the First of Mr. Bickerstaffe's Predictions; being an account of the Death of Mr. Partridge." In vain did poor Partridge protest that he was indeed not dead; he even advertised "that he was not only alive, but was ALSO alive on March 29"; nobody believed him. The Stationers' Company struck the dead man off their rolls, and refused to publish any more of his almanacks; while it is a fact that the Inquisition of Portugal, hearing of the wonderful verification of Isaac Bickerstaffe's prediction, ordered the book to be burnt as an unmistakable emanation of the Evil One.

Somehow or other Partridge must have succeeded in establishing the fact of his earthly existence, for after some years of non-appearance, his "Almanack of Merlinus Liberatus" was issued once again. This, however, was its very last year of publication, for before the time for another number came round, he was dead, and had been buried at Mortlake in real earnest.

The Stationers' Company jealously guarded their monopoly until about a hundred years ago. Then one Thomas Carnan, of St. Paul's Churchyard, took to publishing calendars in defiance of their right, paying his fines continually with the same alacrity that is shown by bookmakers of the present day. Ultimately the legality of the monopoly was tested; and with Erskine's assistance Carnan won his case. Since then the publication of almanacks has been open to all, though a very large number continue to be issued from the Stationers' Hall.

Prophetic Calendars still abound, and it is fairly safe to say that many more farmers of to-day pin their faith to Old Moore than trust to the predictions of the Meteorological Office. As a matter of fact, there is little to choose between the two; Old Moore is about as often right as wrong, while, according to their own published statistics, the number of completely successful prognostications issued from Victoria Street is only some thirty-four per cent. of the whole. But the farmer who trusts to his own intelligence is likely to be more correct than either.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

THE PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

(Further proceedings at the meeting held Oct. 22, 1909.)

A paper entitled "Production of Radium from Uranium" was read by Mr. Soddy. The measurements on the growth of radium in the three uranium solutions purified by Mr. T. D. Mackenzie between three and four years ago have shown that in all the growth of radium is proceeding at a rate proportional to the square of the time within the error of measurement. The methods of testing have been improved and the ordinary error is not greater than 10^{-12} gram of radium. This result indicates the existence of only one long-lived intermediate product in the series between uranium and radium. The period of average life of this body, calculated on the assumption that no other intermediate bodies exist, is 18,500 years in the case of the oldest solution for which data are available over a period from the end of the third to the end of the fourth year from purification. But for the solution prepared last, over a period from the end of the second to the end of the third year, the period indicated is about half again as long as in the first experiment. Indeed, had this solution grown radium at the same rate, with reference to the square of the time, as the older solution has been doing during the past year, more radium should have been formed than the total amount now actually present. This suggests the existence of at least one new intermediate product in the series "Uranium A" with a period comparable to the time observations have been in progress. From a mathematical investigation of the effect of such a body on the rate of growth of radium, it is concluded that it would not, if it existed, appreciably alter the production of radium according to the square of the time over the period accurate observations have been made, even were the period of the new body as great as four years. But its existence would vitiate the calculation of the period of the direct parent of radium according to the simple formula neglecting short-lived products.

Other evidence on the problem is contained in the next paper entitled "The Rays and Product of Uranium X," also read by Mr. Soddy. Experiments have been made with the uranium X preparations separated with the help of Mr. A. S. Russell from 50 kilograms of pure uranyl nitrate (Phil. Mag., October, 1909, p. 620). There occurred the growth of a feeble α -radiation as the intense β -radiation decayed. Such a growth of α -rays, concomitant with the decay of β -rays, is to be expected if the parent of radium is the direct product of uranium X. From the period of the parent of radium given in the last paper, the uranium X in equilibrium with 1 kilogram of uranium should give by its complete disintegration a product having the α -activity of 2 milligrams of uranium, if no new intermediate bodies intervened.

The preparations of uranium X were examined in a magnetic field sufficient to deviate all rays having a value for H_p less than 8640, but the still undeviated β -radiation produced a leak in the electroscope several times greater than that due to the α -rays. So far as can be seen, these difficultly deviable β -rays are similar in general character and in the value of their absorption co-efficient, to ordinary β -rays. The first measurements were made in an electroscope filled with air, by covering the preparation with a thin screen, sufficient to absorb α -rays and measuring the difference between the leaks with and without the screen. The results of these experiments are believed now to be untrustworthy, and they are rejected provisionally. In later experiments the electroscope was filled with hydrogen, which constituted an enormous advance, and these experiments have shown that the α -radiation of the preparation remains sensibly constant as the β -radiation decays. Anomalies have been encountered with the difficultly deviable β -radiation, which appears to vary in intensity according to the conditions in an unexplained way. But throughout, the "difference leak" between the preparation bare and covered, due to α -rays, has remained constant in all the preparations examined. These measurements of the α -rays, for different preparations, cover a period from immediately after preparation to nearly a year in the case of the main preparation, and longer periods in the case of weaker preparations. The two most recent preparations each contained the uranium X in equilibrium with about 5 kilograms of uranium, and the growth of α -rays, if the change of uranium X into the parent of radium were direct, should be equal to the α -radiation of 10 milligrams of uranium. This should have been easily detectable under the conditions of the experiment. It is concluded that the parent of radium cannot be the direct product of uranium X. The experiments, taken in conjunction with those given in the preceding paper, indicate that it is not a product of uranium X at all, but the subsequent history of the uranium X preparations must be awaited before this can be decided.

Mr. Soddy read a further paper entitled "The Production of Helium from Uranium and Thorium." Helium has been detected in four experiments with uranium, in three with thorium, and in one with pitchblende solutions carried out according to the methods already published (Phil. Mag., October, 1908, p. 513). Recent experiments with nearly a year's accumulation of helium from about 2 kilograms of uranium and thorium respectively have ended in failure owing to accidents. For this reason the quantitative estimate of the rate of production of helium is no further advanced than has already been published (Phys. Zeit., 1909, x. p. 41).

Prof. Strutt remarked that the Author's experiments covered much ground, and suggested many interesting questions. He congratulated Mr. Soddy upon the skill with which he had attacked the subject, and referred to the difficulty of carrying out successfully complicated experiments which extended over long periods of time. With reference to the experiments on the growth of radium, he asked the Author what was the ratio between the amount grown and the actual quantity present at the start, and also what multiple was the final leak of the electroscope of the normal air-leak. With regard to detecting the growth of α -radiation in the presence of β -radiation, he suggested that the scintillations produced by α -rays on a phosphorescent screen might be made use of. Referring to the experiment on the growth of helium in sylvine, Prof. Strutt remarked that he would have been astonished if the Author had obtained any evidence of the production of helium in the comparatively short time over which his experiments extended.

Mr. Soddy, in reply, said the natural leak of the electroscope was 1.1 (divisions per minute), and the leak due to the radium in the oldest preparation at the end of the fourth year was 4.2. The initial value found by extrapolation from the curve shown, in which quantity of radium

was plotted against the square of the time, was 2.1. The initial value found experimentally as the mean of the first nine observations extending over the first nine months, when the methods were less sensitive than now, was 2.7. This bears out the view that a new intermediate body exists, retarding the initial rate of production of radium, though no great weight can be attached to the initial observations.

Professor Strutt's suggestion that the α -radiation of uranium X preparations should be examined by the scintillation method might prove a valuable one, though on account of the impossibility of entirely removing β -rays it had not so far been attempted.

With reference to sylvine, the crystalline character of the mineral rendered it open to question whether helium if generated would be retained. In addition the radio-activity of potassium had suggested the experiment. No doubt a production of helium sufficient to detect would be remarkable, but it seemed worth looking for.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Starling: A Scotch Story.* By Norman Macleod. Blackie and Son. 1s.
The Personal History of David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by F. Barnard. Edward Lloyd, Ltd. Two vols. 6d. net each.
Stories from the Operas, with Short Biographies of the Composers. Third Series. By Gladys Davidson. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.
The Senator Licinius. By W. Patrick Kelly. Illustrated. G. Routledge and Sons. 6s.
The Angel of Forgiveness. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.
The Education of Uncle Paul. By Algernon Blackwood. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.

VERSE

- New Poems.* By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane. 5s. net.
The Ingoldsby Legends. By R. H. Barham. With an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d. net.
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Jr. Translated from the original Bornese into English verse by Wallace Irwin. Illustrated by Gilett Burgess. Gay and Hancock. 1s.
Poems of Progress, and New Thought Pastels. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Gay and Hancock. 1s.
The Book of Cupid, being an Anthology from the English Poets. With twenty-three illustrations by the Lady Hylton, and an Introduction by Henry Newbolt. Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.
Poems by Henry Barrett Hinckley. The Nonotuck Press, Northampton, Mass., U.S.A. 50 cents.
California, and other Sonnets. By Fanny Purdy Palmer. Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco.
Sophocles in English Verse. Part I. Oedipus the King. Oedipus at Kolonus. Antigone. By Arthur S. Way, D.Lit. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, & MEMOIRS

- The Lives of the British Architects, from William of Wykeham to Sir William Chambers.* By E. Beresford Chancellor, M.A. Illustrated. Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.
The Literary Profession in the Elizabethan Age. By Phoebe Sheavyn, D.Lit. Sherratt and Hughes. 5s. net.
Sheridan, from New and Original Material; including a Manuscript Diary by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. By Walter Sichel. Two vols. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 31s. 6d. net.
Hogarth's London: Pictures of the Manners of the Eighteenth Century. By Henry B. Wheatley. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 21s. net.
The Martyrdom of Ferrer, a True Account of his Life and Work. By Joseph McCabe. Watts and Co. 6d. net.
A History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West. Vol. II. The Political Theory of the Roman Lawyers and the Canonists, from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth Century. By A. J. Carlyle, M.A. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 15s. net.
Hellerophon, "The Bravest of the Brave." By Edward Fraser. Illustrated. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. 6s.
L'Europe et la Politique Britannique (1882-1909). By Ernest Lémonon. With a Preface by M. Paul Deschanel. Félix Alcan, Paris. 10frs.

JUVENILE

- The Bunny Book.* Illustrated by Angeline Macgregor. Rhymes by Jessie Pope. Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d.
Matthew and the Miller. By Violet Bradby. Illustrated by H. R. Millar. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.
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THEOLOGY

- Extracts from the Spiritual Guide which disentangles the Soul.* By Miguel de Molinos. Edited and compiled by Canon R. Y. Lynn from the original Translation of 1688. H. R. Allenson. 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- A New Guide to Lewes: Its Castle, Priory, Churches, and Neighbourhood. With Notes on the Museum; and an Account of the Battle of Lewes, etc.* By W. Heneage Legge. Illustrated. Southern Publishing Co., Lewes.
Health: A Royal Road to it. By J. P. Sandlands, M.A. Walter Scott. 3d. net.
The Professor at the Breakfast Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With an Introduction by Clement K. Shorter. Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d. net.
The Symposium of Plato. Edited with Introduction, Critical Notes, and Commentary, by R. G. Bury, M.A. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 7s. net.
Essays in Eugenics. By Sir Francis Galton, F.R.S. The Eugenics Education Society.
Our Debt to Antiquity. By Professor Zielinski. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by Professor H. A. Strong, LL.D., and Hugh Stewart, B.A. George Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d.
The Guide to South Africa, for the Use of Tourists, Sportsmen, Invalids, and Settlers, with Coloured Maps, Plans, and Diagrams. 1909-1910 Edition. Sampson Low and Co. 2s. 6d.
La Philosophie de S. S. Laurie. By Georges Remacle. Henri Lamertin, Brussels. 7 frs. 50 c.

PERIODICALS

- Smith's Magazine; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; Gunter's Magazine; St. George's Magazine; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; University Correspondent; Constitution Papers; The Welldoer; Cambridge University Reporter.*

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